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Robert Mc Neale







31

**THE
DUBLIN MAIL.**



THE
DUBLIN MAIL ;

OR,
INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.



TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A
PACKET OF POEMS.

Sunt quibus in Satyra videor nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus.

William Russell ^{MOR.} Macdonald

Second Edition Enlarged.

LONDON:

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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1915

L

T. Hamblin, Printer, 54 Bowery, New York.

PREFACE.

THERE is something repugnant to the feelings of honor in breaking open the letters of other people; yet, in nine cases out of ten, curiosity will equalize the balance of conscience. The following letters were found by an old gentleman in Dublin, who is well known to have possessed since his infancy an unconquerable propensity to pry into other folk's secrets; at the same time, being quite a devotee, he is eternally suffering from the qualms of conscience which follow his curiosity. On his perceiving what he had found, he remained, as it were, hovering between the wish to plunder the enclosed secrets, and the propriety of delivering them into the owners' possession; but,

"Like the man to double business bound,
He stood and paus'd where he should first begin,
And both neglected,"—

PREFACE.

putting the parcel carefully unopened into his pocket, and the Editor supposes they were forgotten. On his return to town, he turned his thoughts again to the packet, and decided upon a step which he supposed would unburden his conscience, and, at the same time, give a chance to his curiosity, namely, putting them into the hands of a bookseller, whom he suspected would, in all probability, publish them. After taking this step, and sermonizing a little with him upon the inviolable sanctity of honor, he concluded his interview by a few hints, such as —“ Something good in them, have a good run if published, eh !—droll dogs the Irish—Court secrets—um !” &c. &c. ; and, with a look of curious meaning, departed. However, the bookseller, being a little more conscientious, decided upon not breaking the seals until he had given the owners every fair chance of claiming them ; for which purpose, they were repeatedly advertised.—Three only were claimed ; and the remainder on being opened were found to give so ludicrous and an amusing account of the goings on in Dublin during his M^y’s visit, that he had them put into verse, and they are now given to the public with little or no variation from the originals.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
H— M——y to Sir B——n B——d	9
Sir B——n B——d to H—s M——y....	12
An Epistle from Dublin Jerry to London Dick	16
M—ch——ss of —— to the —— in Dublin	21
Lord S——h to the Marquis of L—d—d—y	26
Sir W——m C——s to Alderman A ——s....	29
M—ch——ss of ——'s Chamber-Maid to her Sister	35
An Epistle from Mr. Deputy Bull, in Dublin, to Mrs. Bull, in London	43
Epistle from the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin to the Pope.....	49
Nial O'Connor, King of Ulster and Con- naught, &c. to G—— the F——.....	52
A Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, to a Student in the Middle Temple	56
Phelim O'Connor, (the Younger,) Esq. in Dub- lin, to his Friend Arthur O'Hara, Esq. in London	72
Lady ——, in London, to the Countess of ——, in Dublin	79

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
An Irishman to the Irish People	83
M——s of L——n——y to the E—— of L——l	86
Marchioness of ——— to her particular	
Friend Lady ———	91
—— O'C——ll, Esq. to Sir F——s B——tt,	
Bart.	95

PACKET OF POEMS.

The Christening of Dunleary	103
Lines accompanying a Glass Goblet sent to the	
Lord Mayor of Dublin by the Dutchess of	
Richmond	113
The Keenan, or Farewell Irish Cry	115
An Irish Melody	119
The ——— to the Dutchess of R——d	121
Lines on the Reception of a certain Marquis in	
Ireland	123
A New Irish Melody.....	125
Darby and Teague, an Irish Eclogue.....	127
On a Recent Dismissal	135
The Dublin Mayor and the London Alderman	138
A Versification of the Irish Oration	141
Three-Handed Whist,	144

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THE
DUBLIN MAIL.

LETTER I.

FROM H— M——Y TO SIR B——N B——D.

Holyhead.

MY VERY DEAR B——D,

YOUR letter I've read
Brought by S——th, who came in such haste to the
Head,

That he ran down a wherry with twenty* on board,
But thank heav'n the poor fellows have got safely
shor'd.

* The account says only seven men, and that the cargo
was worth £100.

B

When I asked him the news he appeared as h—
drunk ;

“A ship,” said he, “’s just *struck by Lightning*,†
and sunk,”

But I pardon’d the pun, as I knew the old fellow
Was fond of the whisky—was merry and mellow.
’Twas the first that e’er brightened his dullness no
doubt,
And the death of the —— brought this giggling out.

With regard to the *landing*, I’ve made up my mind ;
Appearances must be consulted I find.
But go I’m determin’d, for sweet Lady C—
Is now three days anxiously waiting for me,
So I’ll do it by steam in the privatest way.

Moth & Sid recommends me to lock myself in
At the Lodge in the Park, and then sail out again
When the funeral’s over—to land in full style,
Thus let the crow’d see my *first* step on their Isle.
Though poor Sid’s not an Irishman, yet I don’t
wonder
At this, for you know he’s *au fait* at a blunder.

† Lord S. sailed in the *Lightning* Steam Packet.

The day after to-morrow expect me—till then
I'll be literally dying with *ennui*, Ben.
Enclos'd is a note for my dear lady C.
Take it to her yourself, and—*don't* kiss her for me.
Now adieu, for I'm bilious, though not very ill ;
I wish you were here just to hand me a pill.

LETTER II.

FROM SIR B——N B——D TO H—S
M——TY.

Stephen's Green, Dublin,

MY L—E,

Is it possible? can it be true?

Do I read the delectable letter from you?

So she's *really* dead! 'Pon my soul! 'tis such news,

That for joy I could dance out of the soles of my shoes.

I agree with your M——TY, 'tis rather awkward;

Unfeeling men never in slander are backward;

And this visiting show may dispose them to speak—

Lord! I wish she had put off her death for a week!

But you see its just like her and that booby WOOD,

She annoy'd you as much as she possibly could.

Why she put back the grand Coronation a year,
 Ay, and when it took place left the benches half
 bare ;—

But the worst of all is, when the “ *beautiful*” thing
 Of *showing the Irish* their *elegant* K—— ;

When the crowds at Dunleary were deck'd out so gay,
 To behold their *great* idol tow'd into their bay ;

When the cockades, and banners, and ribbands,
 were flying,

And the women to get but a glance at you dying ;
 When a white stone was placed to receive your right
 foot,

And to bear down to ages the size of your—— boot ;

When ropes of red silk, ay, and full *eight miles* long,

Were to drag you, the god of uproarious throng,—

O G— ! only think how malicious and sly,

Just to tease you, to take to her bed, and to die !*

Well, my L—e, as you ask'd my advice, I must say,
 That the death of such wives should'nt thwart *me* a
 day.

* This passage resembles that of an Hibernian melody,
 usually sung in the county Tipperary, the native place of the
 worthy writer of this letter. It runs thus :

“ Arrah, Drimindah ! Drimindah ! why did you die !”

I have sounded my countrymen here, and can swear
 That you've nothing like hooting or hissing to fear.
 For her death they care nothing, and if you'd but
 come,
 They would all, to a man, kiss your M——TY'S
 ——.*

But what am I talking of? Can't we prevent
 The news coming *here* of this lucky event?
 For as yet no one knows it, but thinks she's quite
 hale——
 Is there no way, d'ye think, of detaining the mail?†

* Here the letter was blotted, but the Editor suspects the word left out was "*hand*."

† The following extract from *The Freeman's Journal* of Thursday, August 9, may throw some light upon the above hint:—

"We have waited to the latest possible moment for the packet, but have at length been compelled to go to press without it. We understand both the Post Office steam vessels were detained on the Howth station last night. It is not very easy to conceive how so extraordinary a proceeding as this can be justified. At no period within our recollection was the public mind wound up to so high a pitch of anxiety for intelligence from the other side of the Channel as it was yesterday; and yet this day of mingled doubt, and hope, and

Here the Post-Master's ready to do any thing
 For a knighthood—except disoblige his good K——.
 Believe me this seems a most feasible plan:
 Start from Holyhead, prithee, as fast as you can;—
 I'll have ev'ry thing ready to-morrow, and so
 We may yet have a very good chance of the *show*.

To save time, I'll send over S —— H to you
 With this letter forthwith, so, most gracious, adieu!

Δ

B. B.

Half-past Ten, P. M.

fearful apprehension, was the first that passed over for many months without public advices from Holyhead. The whole correspondence of the country too has been interrupted by this detention of the mails. The convenience, and perhaps the interests, of merchants, traders, and individuals, have not been more considered than the feelings of the public."

LETTER III.

AN EPISTLE FROM DUBLIN JERRY TO
LONDON DICK.

Describing the Preparations made for receiving the K—

I WRITE to you, Dick, in a frolic some style,
Just to mention the news which has made us all
smile ;

Which states, (and I hope not by way of a hoax,
Since the Irish are not at all fond of such jokes,)
That your K— has determin'd our land to survey,
Through the special advice of his friend C——H ;
Who gave up to England our parliament dear,
And, by way of return, brings his M——y here !

God help us ! 'tis long since a M——H we saw,
By his power and presence to keep us in awe.

King WILL was the last that ennobled our land,
 But he came with the sword and the pistol in
 hand ;

Cutting up the *Romans* as butchers do mutton,
 And a Protestant crown had his foreign head put
 on ;

The Soldiers he licens'd to plunder and kill,
 Yet his glorious memory Paddy drinks still.
 But the times are all chang'd, and the K— that is
 coming

(If the press is not Paddy most cursedly humming)
 Has no spirit for war, but the war of Dame Venus,
 And in that he'll have *trouble*, I doubt not, between
 us.—

From the Boyne to the Liffey, the Shannon, and Ban,
 Maids, widows, and wives, long to see the great
 man.

Lady D. whose meridian is gone to the dogs,
 Whose weight would out-balance a couple of hogs,
 Has commenc'd on her visage a youthful reform,
 Quite determin'd to carry her ***** by storm.
 Lady C. once a toast, ('twas in Rutland's wild day,
 When impudence bore all love's blisses away,)
 No longer appears like a time-batter'd hag,
 But has purchas'd new teeth and a frizzled-up scrag;

Quite determin'd once more with love's powers to
sport,

And to go, if her legs will allow her, to court.
Mrs. S. had her daughters, both lovely and fair,
Pack'd off to Killblarney to breathe country air;
And appears a gay widow at sweet fifty-five,
Declaring, at last, she's no children alive.
The nurs'ry young Misses are all pouring out,
The boarding-school girls all beginning to pout;
And the chit of nine years says she's out of her teens,
Quite fit to appear in the forth-coming scenes;
In short, such expectancies never were known,
Since ERIN has reckon'd the Shamrock her own;
And Father St. Patrick, with Missal in hand,
Drove vermin and reptiles away from the land.
At the head of our treat is the great corporation,
Who, thinking to honor the pride of the nation,
Have voted, "*nem. con.*" just one ten thousand
pounds

To waste upon dinners;—but, DICKY, gad zounds!
In the doing of this they do not shew their sense,
For their coffers have not half the number of pence.
Of Costigan's malt they have laid in a store,
And of raspberry whiskey ten tuns, if not more.

He who'll eat a whole ham and three fowls for a lunch,
Faith, must needs wash them down with some gal-
lons of punch ;

And to render the K— or the beggar more frisky,
No cordial's so good as our true Irish whiskey.

In place of exalting the Cath'lic communion,
They've tipt us a harp in the midst of the Union ;
To remind us that play, sing, or dance, as we will,
We are but the vassals of Englishmen still.

From Ringsend as far as the Pigeon-House wall,
Will our ladies be notic'd, so " proper and tall ;"
Who's intention's to make an imposing beginning,
And shew the K— patterns of good Irish linen.
Some suppose that the order to wear " Irish stuff,"
Implies that the ladies must all be in *buff* ;

And, amidst such a number of backs and ———
There must be a number of queer-colour'd hides :
But a truce to conjecture, for two months will show
These truths which we all are so anxious to know.

My time is so short, and my subject so long,
If I write any more, gad, perhaps I'll go *wrong*.
This is merely to tell you how we are prepar'd
To receive the great man for whom nobody car'd,
Till we heard he intended to scatter his money
In Dublin, to render us joyous and funny.

His presence and party no doubt will do good
To all *wholesale retailers* of animal food ;
To fruiterers, grocers, and dealers in spirit,
And trades that are nameless, though not wanting
merit.

The first news that stirs I will write you again,
Provided I'm in a true musical strain ;
Therefore, DICKY, adieu, still live and be merry,
And remember your crony and friend,

DUBLIN JERRY.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE M—CH—SS OF ——— TO THE
———, IN DUBLIN.

Sl—ne C—tle.

At midnight, Love, I'll think on thee !

At midnight, Love, O think on me!

Little Tommy.

BEST BELOVED,

It is now the dead hour of night,
And I take up my pen as I promis'd to write;
All the Castle's at rest, nothing mars night's repose,
Save the sound of my husband's, the M—q—s's
nose.—

He is snoring behind me in bed, and, no doubt,
 His long promis'd Dukedom is dreaming about :
 By the bye, love, he'll take up this letter to you,
 And wont come back here before Sunday or so ;
 Then, if *you* come to-morrow, pray don't take it ill,
 If I do all the honours myself with good will.

I have been reading Pope's Eloisa all through,
 And it kindled such heavenly fancies of you,
 That the whole of my soul has expanded to night,
 And, like my mould candle, here melting outright.
 When I think on the hours I have sat on your knee,
 And the roll and the leer of your bonny blue ee ;
 On the cut of that beautiful wig which you wore,
 And the curl of those whiskers, which now are no
 more :

When I think on your front which, despising the
 ways
 Of thin Dandies, was ready to burst through your
 stays ;

When I think on your leg that has suffered so much
 From the gout, love,—and, Oh ! when I think on
 your crutch,

I rejoice in the thought of still lending a hand
 To enable you, G——E, on the *right leg* to stand ;

And I rail at the ties of mankind, and no wonder,
To think that such turtles should e'er be asunder.

Love, excuse me ; a letter from Dublin last night
Says you don't altogether go on very right.
Now I'm not over jealous, but, faith, I'm half crazy,
To think that you danc'd with that flirt Esther—
“easy.”

Said I to myself, “I'll set traps for the dame,
And she'll not gain the *trick* though she plays *Cunning game*.”

Yes, you danc'd with her, G——x, and frisked with
her too ;

And when Paul's back was turn'd you played *Cutchicutchoo*.*

Well, I know you're a rogue, and forgive you for
once,

If you'll promise to leave off your favourite dance
Till you come to S——e C——tle, (which hope will
be quickly,)

For, faith, I confess I'm for dancing quite tickly.

* *Cutchicutchoo*.—A species of dancing play much practised at Dublin in 1808. It was introduced by Lady Clare, and is of a most ludicrous nature.

We shall frisk to the bagpipe our favourite tune,
 And my husband, as usual, shall play the bas-
 soon.

I have all things prepar'd—ev'ry room in the house,
 Ev'ry bed—in fact, ev'ry thing's sleek as a mouse.
 We have set the distillers from Cork to Roscrea
 All at work to make whiskey for that gala day;
 If unmix'd 'tis so strong you should wish to de-
 sert it,

Into punch, my dear G——, we can quickly con-
 vert it;—

For we've cut out a branch from the Boyne (that has
 merit,)

Right staunch *orange water* for *mixing the spirit*.

WHISKEY PUNCH shall by Southey be sung to the
 skies,

And champaign and white brandy shall yield up the
 prize;

And each loyal soul that belongs to the Boyne
 Is in hopes that you'll knight it, the same as Sir
 Loin.

Come along then, my G——Y, and hasten my joys,
 Come, and do like the Prince of all whack-paddy
 boys.

We'll have priests, aye, and pipers, and fiddlers, galore,
And each Pat shall be drunk from the Boyne to the Nore;*
While the shamrock shall twine round your wig-cover'd head,
And we'll dance, drink, and sing, till we're carried to bed!

C.

* A river in the south of Ireland, which unites with the Shannon.

LETTER V.

FROM LORD S——H TO THE MARQUIS OF
L—D—D—Y.

Dublin Castle.

COME, D——Y, come ; the merry Dublin cits
No longer hate you, having lost their wits.
I think at present if the very devil
Came with the ****, they'd treat his Highness
civil.
Shake off all fear, your welcome will be hearty,
At least GRANT says so, from the Orange party ;
And I am sure the Catholics are still
Inclin'd to think you can assist their bill

Behind the curtain, with a few good words,
 When next it runs the gauntlet through the Lords:
 So, on the whole, you see you have a chance
 To lead the court and regulate the dance;—
 But bring, by all means, bring that cap and feather,
 Or splendid robe, or why not both together,
 In which you stole on Coronation day
 The cockney's hearts with one applause away?
 And let your countrymen but see you walk
 In that fine dress; and if you smile and talk
 With poor good-natur'd Pat, and call him friend,
 I have no doubt you'll gain your utmost end.

All now is strange uproar—report took wing
 This morn when C****s came, it was the ****;
 And, hearing that our gracious Master can
 Show back and sides with any Alderman,
 It was enough for warm good-humour'd Pat
 To see the man was strange, as well as fat,
 To make him shout with joy and wild surprise
 This turtle-bloated wonder to the skies.
 But when the So*****N shows his noble face,
 And smiles and bows with that peculiar grace
 For which he's fam'd beyond all other men,
 What will become of BILLY C*****s then!

So haste, my Lord, nor heed the stormy w
I long that we should take a jug together
Of whiskey punch, that source of all my m
The only perfect nectar found on earth ;
Of which, whatever folks may say or think
Shall be through life my *first*, my *fav'rite*

S**

B

LETTER VI.

FROM SIR W——M C——S TO ALDERMAN
A——NS.

Dublin.

O A——s, dear A——s! by G——d, (I must swear,) *This here* country, believe me, surpasses *that there*.*
Here a man such as *I* am is sure of respect,
There we've nothing but grins and the coldest neglect.

* The worthy B——t has here evidently plagiarised on the following epitaph; but, as it was written by himself, it may be allowed to pass without censure:

"Here lies Billy C——s, our worthy Lord Mayor,
Who has left *this here* world, and is gon. to *that there*."

Why, in London, one cannot well walk through the
streets,

But one's jostled and sneer'd at by all that one
meets ;

And beset by the wasps of the *Radicals'* nest—
Ev'n the *nose on one's face* made a matter of jest.

O how different is Dublin ! Here ev'ry eye
Most respectfully watches to see me pass by ;—
Here whole thousands escort me with uncover'd
pates ;

And though showering cats and dogs, keep off their
hats.

I assure you the M——H himself does not meet
With such noisy receptions as I seem to get.
I am never the man my own praises to sing,
But, between you and me, many think me the K—G
And the Irish might make a worse blunder than this
For the K—G's growing like me in person and phiz.
I can give you a proof :—t'other day I went out,
For the purpose of nothing but gaping about ;
When the mob got a wind of me, JOHNNY—*my eye*.
How thy flung up their hats and their tongues to
the sky !

“ It's the K—G ! it's the K—G !—Shout, you rap-
scallions, shout !

Oh, long life to your M——Y !—Wheel him about !”

So they seiz'd me, and up on their shoulders they
hoist me,—

I resisted, though, truly, it secretly rejoic'd me,
But in vain ; for they bore me triumphantly off
For the length of a street—God, I could'nt but
laugh !

And the Lord knows how far they'd have carried me
on,

If a *little dispute* had not cut short the fun.

A keen black-looking fellow that close to me got,
And who saw what I *was*, and knew what I *was not*,
Roar'd aloud, "Och, he is not the K—g !—Why,"
said he,

"The K—g's nose is much shorter." All crowded
to see.

Some denied—some insisted ;—now blows follow
blows,

On the point between mine and his M——r's nose.
'Twould have made a man dying revive with a laugh ;
But the *short noses* got it—and so I got off.*

* An occurrence of a ludicrous nature took place yesterday
at Ring's End. Sir W—— C——, and some other gentle-
men, having walked down to the Docks to visit his yacht,
were returning ; when some persons who met them informed

I have been at the grand city feast, Sir, and there,
 As a matter of course, sat beside the LORD MAYOR.
 The dinner was quite a *Guildhaller*—right well;
 The ven'son was fat, and was kept to a smell;
 And, for second-rate Aldermen *like*, 'pon my soul,
 Their turtle was got up not bad on the whole;
 It was raining champaign corks the whole of the
 night,
 And the scene was the centre of city delight:
 But throughout the whole ev'ning the principal thing
 Which attracted was *me*—not excepting the K—G.

After dinner I *speech'd*—so did Lord C——H,
 In his usual long-winded and humbugging way;
 Full of many fine things to flush Catholic pride,
 While the cunning dog put out his tongue t'other
 side;

those who followed that the worthy B——t was the K—^g.
 The news ran like wild fire through the increasing mob, and
 they proceeded to cheer him. The gratified B——t returned
 the courtesy by taking off his hat, which seemed to convince
 the people he was his M——y; and they literally carried
 their idol into Denzil-street before they discovered their
 error!—(*Freeman's Journal*.)

And gave DARLEY a wink that he well understood,
 As an order NOT YET to abandon the feud;
 Which the Alderman bottled, determin'd to shew
 That the K—G could do nought without Ministers too.
 Now as long as the K—G was in company, DARLEY
 Ey'd O'CONNELL with spite, as a Guelph would a
 Charley;

Or just as a quarrelling school-boy will eye,
 Mouth, and frown at another while master is by;—
 But the moment the M——H was gone up stood he,
 With his *stone-cutting* mallet and hammer'd away;
 Knocking Catholics over the head—while the others,
 In true *Irish affection*, return'd it like brothers.

Thus the union of parties was seal'd with a row,
 Thus their friendship grew warmer at every blow;
 Thus the feast of political harmony here
 Was most *happily* ended like Donnybrook fair!

But I now must conclude, and put on my new
 coat,
 And set off to the Park to a private *blow-out*:
 For the K—G's laid a singular wager with BEN,
 That I'll swallow three tureens of turtle, and then

Eat a turbot and lobsters. He further propose
 For a bit of diversion, *to measure our noses!*
 Adieu, then, for now I must off quickly run,—
 For by G—d, Sir, I'm up to my middle in fun—
 So, your's truly, dear A——ns, until I return
 Having sent you this letter, I now wait for *you*
 W. C—

POSTSCRIPT.

Pray bear my best wishes and commiseration
 To the dear Constitutional *Ass*-sociation.

△

LETTER VII.

FROM THE M——CH——SS OF ——'S
CHAMBER-MAID TO HER SISTER.

Sl—ne C—tle.

DEAR DOLLY,

WE'RE all in the skies with delight—
We have had the *great* man at Sl—ne C—tle last
night;

And my lady, at length, had the pleasure to meet
Her *fat hopes* at her county of Meath *country-seat*.
Such a night—such a night, oh, there never was
past!

I can hardly describe it, my head reels so fast;

But I'll try, for I've now a full hour, I dare say,
 As our guest wont get up *quite so early* to-day,
 Nor the M——H——ss neither, — poor *delicate*
 thing!
 No doubt she's knock'd up with *delighting* the
 K—G;
 And the M—q—s—(I've just put my ear to *his*
 door)—
 Slumbers on with a most reconcileable snore.
 This moment I seize then to hurry a line,
 So you must not expect to read any thing fine.
 In plain language I'll tell you the scenes that oc-
 curr'd,
 And for truth you may truly rely on my word.
 Lest my letter miscarry—(Oh, horrible case!)—
 I'll enclose to the house-maid at H—lt—n P—ce;
 And the M—q—s shall frank it himself, my dear
 DOLLY;
 'Tis not the first time that *he frank'd his own folly*.

Well, to make a beginning:—the day *he* came
 down
 I was dress'd in my *spick-and-span* white muslin
 gown;

For my lady commanded that none should wear
black—

(And God knows it created some back-biting
clack.)

Many said, as the whiskey was whisking about,
And the fumes of their loyalty half wearing out,
That a business like this the wide world had ne'er
seen ;

That the very same hour his unfortunate Q——N
Was a *corpse* on the billows, and hurrying away
To the tomb of her fathers—the last of her clay ;—
That the grave was her court, and her courtiers the
dead,

A white sheet her mantle—the cold earth her
bed ;—

That *at this very hour* was he laughing along,
The idol and gaze of a stultified throng.

This is rather poetical, DOLLY, you'll say,
But you know that's the Irish folk's usual way.
And I heard them last night, when I slipped to the
inn,

With L——P C——LER——N's coachman, sweet
Paddy O'Flynn ;

Now Pat, though he whips for his L——p, can
tell

What's the worth of an oyster, and worth of its shell;
And whenever his master has once turned his back,
He can give *him* as well as his horses a smack ;—
Well, with him and some others I heard what I said
Of the Q——n, and much more that's gone out of
my head:

But I know you would much rather have what I saw
'Twixt the family here and their fine fat Bashaw;
So attend.

When the carriage came first to our view,
O my stars! what a long-winded phi'-lil-lil-loo!
The hussars were all startled, their horses took
fright,
And shilelahs thump'd heads with extatic delight.
From old Drogheda's gates to the steeple of Kells
There was nothing but loyalty's leather-lung'd yells;
Trees hobbled with trees, and hill' jump'd upon hills,
To behold their itinerant healer of ills,
But, between you and me, DOLLY, most people
say,
That they'd make the same row for the quack
C——ER——H;

Whose nostrums so poisonous half-kill'd them before.

And who now would persuade them to swallow down more.

Well, the M—H—ss, jumping with jollity,
met

At the gate of the castle her *mobbified* pet ;
While my LADY EL—Z—TH, push'd to the rear
By her mother, with jealousy eyeing the pair,
Awaited her turn, and at length had the bliss
Of dividing with her the sweet welcoming kiss.

O DO! had you seen how the M—CH —ss wriggled!—

When she look'd at the crape on his arm, how she giggled !

How she patted his cheek, so sea-weather'd and bluff—

Kiss'd his chin and his whiskers—no, no, they were off !

Cleopatra, the queen that we read of at school,
Never made of her Anthony halt such a fool.

I declare I quite felt for the M—Q—s ; but then
He's the best-natured, kindest, and *blindest*, of
men !

Now the dinner is dish'd, the white whiskey punch
smokes,

And BEN B——M——D rehearses his cut and dry
jokes,

Just to whet the K—G's appetite: hostess and host
Vied to see who would please their fat visitor most.
The old M—Q—s most pressingly asked would he
choose

To be help'd to a taste of his *county Meath goose*?
While the M—CH——ss sliced him, well knowing
his choice,

A large leg of fat mutton, with fine *caper* sauce;
Which, though not quite a novelty, yet one may say
'Twas a change—being cook'd in a *new Irish way*.
And he ate of them both with "most dignified
ease,"

His illustrious countenance all over *grace*.

Now when all had baptized this delectable day
With a lib'ral libation of worthy Roscrea;
When the shouts, and the shots, and the flash, and
the din,
From without lent their joys to the joyous within;
When thus reaping the sweets of a sixty years life,
Clearly cut from his people at home and his wife,

With all fancies well fitted from woman to wig,
He got up with delight, and he call'd for a jig.
"Play 'Bob and Joan,'* piper," says he, "that's
the thing!

D— me! now I can feel I am *truly* a ——!"
Then the M—CH——ss seiz'd him in right Irish fun,
And the corpulent couple kept jigging till one.

Now, dear DOLLY adieu; for my lady's bell
rings,

If my ears answer rightly, or else its the K—e's.
I am order'd to wait, and let nobody come
But myself—do you understand, DOLLY?—but
mum!

In my next I shall send you a long list, post-free,
Of the secrets my lady reposes in me!
God knows she has plenty—fat frolicsome tab!
Yours,

AGNES ELIZABETH CATHERINE BLAB.

* A favourite Irish jig, beginning thus:

"Hey for Bob and Joan,
Hey for stoney batter;
Keep your wife at home,
And then," &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

O DOLLY, I just have come down from my lady,
And such curious things as I've witness'd already!—
I'll just tell you something—but there goes the bell
For the brandy—odd rot'em! Dear Dolly, fare-
well!

△

LETTER VIII.

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. DEPUTY BULL, IN
DUBLIN, TO MRS. BULL, IN LONDON.

WELL, darling, once more I resume with delight
My pen, just a few loving phrases to write;
To tell you how matters are going on here,
Where transport and matchless affection appear;
Where nothing is seen but expressions of zeal,
And loyalty follows on R****y's heel.
Oh ! never in all the whole course of my life
Have I witness'd a man, upon losing his —,
Assume such a *sensible rational air*,
Or so well with delight deck the features of care !

To-day he *puts on an appearance* of sorrow,
 Then all is *pure* sunshine and gladness to-morrow.
 He "suits ev'ry word," you may say, "to the ac-
 tion,"

And gives all the Paddies complete satisfaction :
 No man ever liv'd that could play his part better,
 As you will perceive ere I finish this letter ;
 And let malice say what the devil it please,
 His foes must allow that *he's always at ease*.

Ever since we arriv'd we have been in a sea
 Of commotion and madness, devotion and glee.
 The SPRIGS OF SHILELAH, I freely confess,
 Are the best sort of people to conquer distress :
 Though poor, they are merry, though hasty, are
 mild,
 And yield to the rod like a penitent child.
 I never beheld such attentions before
 In men so industrious, ragged, and poor ;—
 Not a touch of the Radical fever they shew,
 And loyalty seems all the passion they know.
 Let you turn where you will you perceive them en-
 gross'd
 In caressing their guest, like a liberal host ;

They praise and extol him through mud and through
mire,

And swear that they never can cease to admire;—
They own he has *graces* they ne'er saw in others,
And came from the best of all possible mothers ;
That *feeling* and *innocence* smil'd at his birth,
And made him the idol of Neptune and Earth!
No language indeed can convey any notion
Of the manner in which they attest their devotion :
Green laurels, and ribbons, and banners, and music,
(Enough, in all conscience, to make me and you
sick,)

Are heard and discover'd wherever you walk ;—
In short, all the tradespeople's bus'ness and talk
Are concerning the ——, who smiles at their kind-
ness,

Yet who, like myself, often pities their blindness ;
But sensibly proffers them nothing to cure it,
While they are contented to grope and endure it.

Oh ! never was man more secure in his life,
(Notwithstanding the mobs that have flatter'd his
****,)

Than the hero who honors this excellent land,
Where fun and good-living are always at hand ;

I mean among those who have plenty of rhind,
 And keep the poor under like persons that I know.
 All parties adore him—no sects are litigious ;
 As yet, we have had no cabal that's religious.
 In fact, all religion is laid on the shelf,
*As if never notic'd by DERRY and ***** !*
 And properly too, when a man goes on pleasure,
 To kiss the young widows and wives at his leisure !

Last night, just at eight, we sat down with delight
 To a dinner, my darling, that ravish'd my sight.
 Such turtle and ven'son—such greens and potatoes—
 Such plateaux of gold, and such giants of waiters !
 O Lud ! it was truly delicious to see,
 But to none more delicious than G—— and me.
 I sat on his right—it was done from respect
 To the city he loves, and would never neglect,
 But for W**d and his party, (whom still he calls
 knaves,
 And whom he would wish to see laid in their graves,)
 Who, at last, have found out they are left in the lurch,
 And must now hang their hopes on a less R——l
 perch.

He often caress'd me by calling me JOHN,
 A name, by the bye, not in vogue with the *Ton* ;

But which, on escaping the lips of a ****,
 Is emphatic beyond all that SOUTHEY can sing,
 We drank wine together, as you may suppose,
 Wishing good to ourselves and ill-luck to our foes;—
 We parley'd on matters of love and of state,
 And agreed that mankind were the victims of fate;
 That the Q—— was ordain'd to be hooted and hiss'd,
 And ourselves to be blest with an excellent *twist* !
 Having recently mingled with people of note,
 You, perhaps, will accuse me of turning my coat;
 Nor can I dissemble that such now the case is,
 For here I see nothing but *greatness* and *graces*.
 If his M—— y swears, why he swears like a
 P——,

Giving *mouth* to his oaths, which his wisdom evince.
 I assure you, my dear, that the great C——
Is no longer afraid to walk out in the day ;
 The Paddies appear to adore and caress him,
 As if they had reason for *mercy* to bless him ;
 Which arises, perhaps, from their not knowing well
 All those *virtues* in which he is wont to excel ;
 Or, likely enough, they don't think him the same,
 Having recently chang'd his illustrious name,
 And thrown into Lethe, delighted and merry,
 All the former renown of the *tender-soul'd DERRY*,

But here, my dear rib, I must bid you adieu,
 For the R——L PROCESSION at last is in view

* We trust the worthy Deputy could not intend any
 loyal or ironical allusion to a portion of Gay's Fable of 'Hare and many Friends,'—

————— "Adieu !
 For see the *hounds* are just in view."

LETTER IX.

EPISTLE FROM THE CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF
DUBLIN TO THE POPE.

TROY to his sovereign Lord the Pope
Sends greeting, with the humble hope
That he will not reproaches fling
On Catholics, who love their King;
But still who are in duty bound
To bend with rev'rence to the ground,
And shew their homage countless ways,
To him who keeps the blessed keys
Of heav'n's own bright celestial paddock;
Like him of yore* who mark'd the haddock;

* St. Peter.

E 2

Or, as some say in modern story,
 Who held fast with his sooty thumb
 That holy fish you love—John Dory,
 And which you know is all a hum.
 But listen to the whole account,
 And measure then the full amount
 Of penance which, however hard,
 Will make us worthy your regard.
 It pleas'd the K—G to hold a levée,
 And there admit a numerous bevy
 Of lords and gentlemen, to pay
 Their court in turn, and go away.
 However, to oblige us all,
 He sent his SEC. to LORD FINGALL,
 And bade him kindly intimate
 That he would wear his robes of state,
 And in a private chamber take
 The best address that I could make.
 We went—and humbly let me tell,
 His M———Y received us well.
 He held his hand most kindly out,
 And smil'd ; while each, in turn devout,
 Gave, as became a pious servant,
 A kiss most orthodox and fervent ;

Still keeping in respectful view
Our *fix'd* allegiance, lord, to you.

But say, thou favor'd son of heav'n,
Can such transgressions be forgiv'n,
Amongst us holy Catholics,
As kissing hands of heretics?
Which nothing but th' anticipation
Of getting yet emancipation
Could tempt us then so far to push,
And do a thing for which we blush.

Forgive, we pray, the sacrilege,
And fifty priests shall barefoot go
To Rome upon a pilgrimage,
To kiss, O Lord, your holy toe.

B.

LETTER X.

FROM THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND PUISSANT
 MONARCH, NIAL O'CONNOR,* THE TRUE AND
 LINEAL INHERITOR OF THE THRONE OF IRE-
 LAND, KING OF ULSTER AND CONNAUGHT,
 &c. &c. &c. TO G—— THE F—— H, K——
 OF E——, GREETING.

Killmackluny Palace, Balinagar.

BROTHER,

WE send thee peace with right good will,
 By our sole Minister TEAGUE COLLUMKILL;

* This personage now lives in the western part of Ireland,
 near Loughrea. He is about 80 years of age, a tall noble
 looking figure, and dresses in a scarlet robe, which he throws

Who bears our full commands to freely treat
 On one great matter which concerns your state.
 We have a grand-daughter, in whose black eye
 Lives royal fire—(we wish it not to die ;)
 We have a grand-daughter, whose plump red cheek
 And breast can speak much more than we can speak.

across his shoulder like the Roman toga. He lives the life of a hermit, not condescending to speak to any person but his own daughter, and she is not permitted to eat at the same table with him. He has in his apartment a long list of his genealogy, in which he proves his right to the Irish throne, and has in his possession a crown, which he says the last king of Connaught wore, and which by right descended to him.—He goes to church every Sunday *in state* ; that is, with a person holding up his train, a staff in his hand, and followed by his grand-daughter, who is an interesting girl, and of whom he is extremely fond. The following anecdote will strongly show the character of this extraordinary individual:—A young Irish officer, who had returned from Spain with the loss of an arm, was desirous to become acquainted with “*His Majesty*,” and politely accosted him in one of his walks.—The “*Monarch*,” on learning that he was an officer in the British service, resumed a sterner look, and said to him, “Young man, you have acquitted yourself no doubt with honor and courage, but *you have served the stranger !* Go—farewell !” and instantly left him.

You're now, my brother, left without an heir,
 Sound, sixty, amorous, and a widower;
 End then our country's long unhappy strife,
 And take my *Nockmaclontha* for a wife.
 She's true Hibernian blood, and flesh, and bone—
 Last Spring she weigh'd just three and twenty ston
 And as you rate the value of the fair
 As butchers bullocks, by the size they are,
 You'll find her far surpass all other dames,
 The R——D——DS, E——TH——ZYS, C—
 GH——MS.

Oh ! she's the finest fattest maid alive,
 The very age you like too—*forty-five* !

Take then this offer of her mighty charms,—
 Unite the G——PHS and CONNORS in her arms;
 Bury six hundred years of discord there,
 And give my *Nockmaclontha's* hopes an heir;
 Whose pow'r shall keep your radicals in awe,
 And teach them how to honor regal law.

I send with COLLUMKILL for your good eye
 The last six yards of my genealogy,
 Which takes up to the flood—the other nine
 Were burnt at the battle of the Boyne;

Which, had you seen, you could have traced me on
To **HEBER FION, IR,** and **HEREMON.***

But one word more—and, Oh ! mark what I say—
A marriage with *my line's* the only way
All jarring parties to one point to bring,
And make, a *proper Anglo-Irish King*.

△

NIAL O'CONNOR, *Res.*

* Three brothers, Scythians, who first found Ireland.

LETTER XI.

FROM A SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO A
STUDENT IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

*Containing the Address of the Vice Chancellor of
Trinity College, Dublin, to the K——.*

Οτ ἔγω πῖω τόν οἶνον
Τότε μεν ἦτορ ἱανθὲν
Αἰγαίνειν ἀσχεταί μεσας.

ANAK.

DEAR BOB,

Like old Anacreon,
That jolly toping dog,
I always write much better
When I take my grog.

Then here goes, for I've taken one,
 Or two, or three, or four;
 And drunk our jolly Irish K—G,
 Till I could drink no more.

With us to day he din'd—that is,
 With all the wigged elves;
 For we *poor scholars* *progg'd* upon
Short commons by ourselves.

Yet, BOB, we had our part; and so
 We did it well and frisky:
 For ev'ry glass of wine they drank,
 We drank a glass of whiskey.

Which, tho' not good as wine, is very
 Far before *October*;^{*}
 For if we'd drunk of that all night,
 I'd still be *beastly sober*.

* "October" is a term given to a tolerable kind of beer brewed for the use of the students of Trinity College, on which they regale themselves at night when they have nothing stronger.

Of course, you know old JACKY B—RR—T,
 Hat and wig also ;
 The snuff upon his chin and cravat,
 Cuff and breeches too.

He's four feet and a *little bit*,
 His head as pumpkin big ;
 And in the height most folks allow
 Eight inches for his wig.

Such was the man all fix'd upon
 The M———H to address :
 Oh ! would that thou wert bigger, JACK,
 Or that thy wig were less !

For such a queer Vice Chancellor
 Before a R——l eye
 Ne'er stood in this or any other
 University !

But what he wanted in his height
 He made up well in knowledge ;
 For all that know him know his head
 Is in itself a college.

The man of all for weighty lore,—
 In nothing is he *caret* ;
 The learned Dom'nie Sampson was
 A fool to JACKY B—RR—T.

When Babel was confusion all,
 Had he been there, Oh, then
 He might have been th' interpreter,
 And set all right again.

The Syriac, Chaldee, Hebrew, Greek,
 The Cophtic and Teutonic ;
 Chinese, Arabic, Welsh, Basquentian,
 Irish, and Slavonic,—

Were glowing 'neath his pond'rous wig,
 One brilliant constellation ;
 But, Oh ! that wig—that cloud shut out
 All eyes from observation !

Except perchance a side-long shift
 Let forth a ray—Oh, then
 All men admir'd the wond'rous man,
 But damn'd the wig again.

Astronomy, philosophy,
 The boundless mathematics ;
 With all the *hydros*, *hys*, and *phys*,
Ologies and *atics*,—

Were cramm'd in crowds within his head,
 And left no spot where those
 Dull things call'd common sense and manners
 E'en could cram their nose.

His knowledge shall extinguish yet
 The city's giddy blaze ;
 A hydrocanisterium
 To man's accustom'd ways !

Who was so learn'd—who so fit
 T' address a learned K—G ?
 Oh ! none but thou—wig, snuff, and science—
 JACK, the very thing !

The day of glorious days arrives,
 Spreads wide the bustling hum ;
 B—RR—T is ready—hark ! behold !—
 The mighty M—H's come ;

The library with fellows fill'd
 Receives the R——l guest ;
 And now the short Vice Chancellor
 Steps forth from all the rest.

His gait is grave—his look profound ;
 The M——H turns aside
 As if to sneeze—but, Oh ! it was
 A titt'ring laugh to hide.

This soon pass'd off, and J——K commenc'd
 His fine address to speak ;
 Some thought it would have been in Latin,
 Others thought in Greek.

However, as the worthy speaker
 Spoke it, so I send it ;
 And, for the sake of B——RR——T, BOB
 I hope you'll comprehend it.

The Speech.

All hail! great M——H!—*Αναξ ανδρων*
 Transplanted here, a mighty *Δενδρον*.
 We hail thee as the tree of knowledge,
 Now taking root within our College.
 Thy shade has overspread us quite,
 And would have left us all in night,
 But that—Oh! resplendescant K—s,
 Within your shade a light you bring.

Your M——Y's deep read in Greek,
 And knowest well each crooked creek
 In every ancient commentator,
 Original, and eke translator;
 Knows ev'ry German patronimic,
 Which vilely doth the Latin mimic:
 From Hogëveen to Lubin Log,
 And the Dutch robbers, all in "ogg."*

* The following lines are generally imputed to the author of "Baron Munchausen;" and how that opinion could

So you can judge, O K—g divine !
 The lore that's in this wig of mine.
 And now this bound Anacreon see,
 Which I present your M—r,
 Enrich'd by me with annotations,
 And many learned commendations.
 I've chang'd (as far as I can tell)
 The form of every syllable :
 And now may say—O K—g of men !
 Anacreon's himself again !
 Another proof of loyalty,
 This curious Sanscrit grammar I
 Present with all complaisancy

main so long uncontradicted is inexplicable. The Editor is
 happy to have this opportunity of stating, that they are the
 composition of Mr. B—ra—r, originally belonging to a
 prize poem. They were set to music by the present Provost
 of Trinity College, Dublin, and sung at the dinners given to
 his M—r by the whole company, to the great delight of
 the M—r, who is an excellent judge of such compositions :

" Ye owls and crickets, Gog Magogg,
 And giants chiming Antroffg,
 Come join blithe choral all in ogg,
 Carologg, Basilogg, fogg, and bogg ! "

Read it, and thou shalt find I've penn'd
 A grammar God himself can't mend;
 By means of which your M——y,
 And all of small capacity,
 May gain the language all at once,
 E'en if you were the first-rate dunce.
 Now to conclude this my oration,
 I'll give you, Sire, a dissertation
 On all my own immense perfections,
 Divided into several sections.

First, then, I am completely pat in
 All tongues from Adam's down to Latin,
 Polish'd (as one may say) *ad unguem*,
 My L——E; but, to avoid the *longum*,
 I'll say I know of ev'ry classic
 Enough to make the greatest ass sick.
 I'm deeply read in Theophrastes,
 And that abstruse old rogue Erastus;
 Know ev'ry turn of Epictetus,
 Who to the gods doth elevate us;
 And Arrian and Suetonius,
 Secundus eke, and Bonefonius:
 I've counted all, or very nigh 'em,
 The flies Domitian kill'd *per diem*;

all exactly *cent. per cent.*
 amount of Crassus' yearly rent;—
 calculate without mistake
 many pounds of human steak,
 or an ounce, as I'm a sinner,
 Polyphemus ate for dinner;—
 many years Ogyges reign'd,
 quantity of wine contain'd
 the casks Acestes sent
 to the Trojan regiment:
 mark'd throughout antiquity
 virtue from iniquity;
 's none who knows so well as I do
 our Eneas met with Dido;
 often am'rous Jove got drunk,
 Polyxena went to visit punk
 in the sweet Idalian vales;
 when Briarius par'd his nails,
 Argus wash'd his hundred peepers,—
 long have slept the seven sleepers!
 Lord! at Hebrew I'm your man,
 Bas-sheba e'en unto Dan:
 to the original text,
 not by commentators vex'd;

With the tough Rabbies I can grapple,
 And know the very sort of apple
 That Adam munch'd, (a luckless ration,)

Which brought upon us all damnation !
 I've learnt the form of Noak's ark,
 That co-deluvian wooden park,
 Which held all kinds of beasts and birds ;
 (Lord ! how it must have * * * !)
 How beasts walk'd in o' their *own accord*,
 Because *commanded* by the Lord !
 How birds were caught by worms and snails
 On shaking salt upon their tails ;—
 I know as clear as Hiccius Doctius
 How Sampson caught so many foxes ;
 How he contriv'd to make them friends,
 And then to fire their latter ends,—
 ('Twas done by means of an oration,
 Address'd unto the savoury nation ;)—
 I also know king David's doings,
 His plots, and pranks, and wicked wooings ;
 How ill he play'd his regal part,
 Though one made "after God's own heart !"

But my crack-point's the mathematics.—
 I'm full *chin-deep* in hydrostatics ;—

The devil can't match me as logician,
 Rhetorician or metaphysician;—
 I've added much to geometry
 And spherical trigonometry;
 I've travell'd o'er the Zodiac
 Upon a telescopic hack;
 In ev'ry sign assuredly
 I've made a new discovery:—
 A star of magnitude, most full,
 I met 'twixt th' horns of the Bull;
 In *Leo*, finding nothing urging,
 I paus'd, then pass'd into *the Virgin*:—
 But very shortly came out thence,
 And into *Pisces* made a bounce;
 Now, 'mongst those fishes of the sky,
 None was so *odd a fish as I!*

In short, great Sire, I this will say,
 Of which I'll any wager lay,
 That ev'ry point of human knowledge
 I know as well's I do this College;
 Where I have stuck like bird-lime, Sir,
 From *Freshman* up to *Chancellor*.

For all my merits no reward
 I ask but one ; and 'twould be hard
 To be refus'd.—Oh, Sir, delight me ;—
 I pray your M——Y to knight me ;
 That all may hail me in my garret
 VICE-CHANC'LLOR SIR JOANNES B——T



The learned speaker, bowing low,
 Thus ended his oration ;
 While ev'ry eye was fix'd upon
 This wonder of creation.

Oh, had there been a sword within
 The reach of our good K—E,—
 A dagger, or a carving knife,
 Or any pointed thing,—

So much he pleased the R——l ear,
 That, sure as I'm a sinner,
 He would have been (delightful thought !)
 A knight before his dinner.

But as no *knighting* implement
 Was in the M———H's reach,
 JACKY must wait until he makes
 Another R——l speech.

Wigg'd fellows now surround the K—g,
 In decency's defiance ;
 All anxious for the task to shew
 The literary *lions*.

A hundred fingers point at once
 To guide the R——l eye
 Thro' all the nooks, and holes, and corners,
 Of antiquity.

One shew'd a broken spur—another
 Shew'd a rusty nail ;
 This shew'd a curious *college rat*,
 And that a *fox's tail* !

And, 'twixt the showing and the speaking,
 It would have been as well,
 If, just by way of change, the K—g
 Had heard the *dinner bell*.

However, this was wisely staid
 For full two hours or more;
 Until they had exhausted all
 Their literary store.

And then, of course, they went to dine, —
 Oh, such a sable set
 At festive board with jolly M———
 Never, never met.

Slow mov'd the glass, but slower mov'd
 The *learned* conversation;
 All wish'd to shew their guest the *weight*
 Of *College education*.

And so they did, the King declares,
 (Who's not without discerning,)
 For never did he get before
 So great a dose of learning.

And, lest it should affect his brain,
 As too much learning may,
 He got up soberly *at nine*,
 And *wisely* went away.

Dear BOB, you see of what I know
 I've told you ev'ry thing;
 Now what d'ye think of how these *fellows*
 Entertain'd the K—G?

I swear if he had din'd with us
Poor scholars,* we'd have given
 Less learning—but, hy George, he would'nt
 Have gone before *eleven*.

Well, BOB, I must lay down my pen,
 The whiskey's in my noddle;
 So, fare you well, my worthy—hiccup!
 Off to bed I'll toddle.

DANIEL DOLICHOS. T. C. D.

Δ

* The scholars of the house were not permitted to dine
 with the *fellows* of Trinity College on the day his M——y
 honored the university with his presence.

LETTER XII.

FROM PHELIM O'CONNER, (THE YOUNGER,) ESQ.*
 IN DUBLIN, TO HIS FRIEND ARTHUR
 O'HARA, ESQ. IN LONDON.

FROM this much-injur'd and degraded land,
 Where shame has now impress'd her deepest brand;
 Whence patriot souls and patriot zeal have fled,
 Nor left one feeling heart nor thinking head;—

* This gentleman has already made a conspicuous figure in the memoirs of the Fudge Family in Paris, as detailed by their lively poetical biographer. That he should not have long remained domesticated with persons whose principles

Where crouching sycophants and fawning tongues
 Hail the vile authors of our matchless wrongs,
 With all th' apostate warmth, by heav'n design'd
 To raise the scoff and wonder of mankind !
 I fain, in these few lines, in anguish penn'd,
 Would my sad thoughts unbosom to my friend,—
 To one whose honor still is free from stains,
 Whose Irish blood flows pure through all his veins ;
 Free from the taint that now pollutes our race,
 And makes that name once glorious a disgrace !

Oh ! say, my friend, where shall I seek to hide
 This downfall of my patriot hopes and pride !
 With many a burning blush, and many a tear,
 That native land to me so fondly dear,
 Amidst the map of nations, I must see
 Self-doom'd to abject lowest infamy !
 While on its records is condemn'd to dwell
 A blot of shame, foul and indelible !

and habits were so little congenial with his own, cannot excite much surprise. It has, however, been whispered, that the immediate cause of his removal was the susceptibility and obvious partiality of Miss Biddy Fudge, who found in the young Irishman attractions that more than compensated, in her eye, the numerous sins and errors of his political creed.

Oh, ERIN ! once the gallant and the brave—
 What hope remains thy blasted fame to save !
 Where now is fled thy children's vaunted worth,
 And haughty station 'mid the sons of earth !
 Must I, whose proudest boast had been full long
 From thee to claim my birth, to tune my song,—
 Who, 'mid each varied scene of care and grief,
 In love for thee have sought a sure relief ;
 Who, in thy tales of blood, have inly moan'd
 O'er inj'ries unprovok'd and unaton'd ;
 And, as the throb of indignation rose,
 Have wept in tears of fire thy countless woes ;—
 Must I now shrink from that o'erwhelming shame,
 Defiling thy once pure unsullied name ?
 Must I in lonely sorrow strive to shun
 The now disgraceful birthright of thy son ?
 What evil genius still thy fate pursues !
 What demon in thy sons could thus infuse
 The wish to lose, each other good bereft,
 Fair fame, thy sole remaining treasure left,
 And thus to bind disgrace around their brows ?
 For empty promises, for faithless vows,
 " False as a dicer's oath," and vain as air,
 Each better hope and feeling to forswear ;
 To lull to rest each sense of insult past,—
 To still leave vengeance her unbroken fast ;

And, with a dastard homage, crouching low,
 To lick each tyrant hand that dealt the blow !
Worship the heart whose *faithless* friendship gave
 Thy S*****N to mis'ry and the grave !*
 Who with neglect and insult could reward
 The brilliant talents of thy matchless bard,
 Whose glowing strain to time's remotest day
 Shall consecrate thy music and thy lay !
 Yes ! thou could'st hail the man, who, unallied
 To those great names, thy glory and thy pride,
 Has, with a fost'ring care and kindness, nurs'd
 The vilest of thy offspring and the worst !—
 The odious renegade, who basely sold
 His country's freedom and her hopes for gold !—
 The tort'rer of his murder'd countrymen !
 Now foremost figure in the R——l train !
 Could cheer the wretch who, in each varying scene,
 To Erin's following fiend has ever been !—
 When thirst of vengeance should have fill'd each
 breast,
 To think of those deep inj'ries unredress'd,—

* On this subject we beg to refer the reader to the admirable stanzas on the death of S*****N, annexed to the Fudge Family.

When curses "loud and deep," from thousand
 tongues,
 Should fall upon the author of their wrongs—
 With welcome shouts they hail'd their source of evil,
 As Indian savages adore the devil !

When Priam in Achilles' presence knelt,
 The pang his aged breast most keenly felt
 Was, as he kiss'd the iron hand, imbrued
 All freshly in his hapless offspring's blood ;
 Not all his peril could his lips restrain
 Of this last deepest horror to complain.
 But ERIN's sons can revel in the deed
 Which made the aged monarch inly bleed ;
 And, with a joyous welcome, greet the day
 That to her shores conveys a ——— !

There was a time when Irish breasts beat high
 With all the soul of love and gallantry ;
 When they, as woman's special champions, felt,
 Would 'venge her wrongs, and o'er her sufferings
 melt :

That feeling too has pass'd !—Our days have seen
 Those sorrows of a deeply-injur'd Q——,
 Which drew the tear from ev'ry English eye,
 In Irish bosoms wake no sympathy !

Have seen them wreath the joyous festive wreath,
 In bitter mock'ry o'er her hapless death!
 And, while the waves bore her unburied corpse,
 Revel and banquet, void of all remorse;
 To public spectacles untouch'd repair,
 Nor even woe's exterior deign to wear!

Go, then, unworthy natives of an isle,
 Which, though unblest by freedom's genial smile,—
 Though bow'd beneath oppression's iron rod,
 Had still been mark'd for 'honor's proud abode;
 Confess'd by e'en her most determined foes,
 Great in her suff'rings—glorious in her woes!—
 Go sacrifice your hopes of brighter days,
 Your manly spirit and your well-earn'd praise—
 What in your self-debasement now remains?
 Scorn'd and despis'd, to hug your willing chains;
 With folly blind and credulous, to hear
 Those juggling fiends of pow'r, who to the ear
 Will keep the hollow promises they make,
 But to the baffled hope too surely break!
 To wake from the intoxicating dream,
 And find how futile each projected scheme;
 To see your pride unpitied fade away,
 To public scorn and conscious shame a prey:

While the few worthies of your blemish'd race,
Who stand aloof from all your foul disgrace,
Henceforth with indignation shall disclaim
All kindred with your now degraded name !
In solitude shall shed the bitter tear,
Their once-lov'd country's tale of shame to hear ;
Shall her lost state with fruitless grief deplore,
Fallen, like Lucifer, to rise no more !

LETTER XIII.

FROM LADY ———, IN LONDON, TO THE
 COUNTESS OF ———, IN DUBLIN.

TEN thousand thanks for your very kind letter,
 Which to my mind is as good, if not better
 Than any account "Lady Morgan" has given,
 Or any cross blue-stockings hag under heaven.
 Your sweetly romantic description is not
 In the slightest, believe me, inferior to "Scott;"
 And if my stingy lord would afford me the cash,
 I've a heart that could join in your Dublin dash;—
 But, hang it, he'd rather go moping to "Boodle's,"
 And squander at whist with a set of old noodles;
 Or drink with the odious old "Whigs" down at
 "White's,"
 And leave me to long for his death for whole nights.

It pleas'd me, however, beyond all conception
 To read your account of the roaring reception
 His M——y met with, which makes me adore
 Ev'ry thing that belongs to the Paddy's green shore.
 I know their good-natur'd extravagant feeling,
 And from you, dear Countess, there's no use con-
 cealing—

The first man that stole your friend's guiltless
 heart
 Came from Ireland too, and I think from the part
 Where the C—NN—GH—s live; for he told me a
 deal
 Of her Ladyship's tricks — but thereby hangs a tale,
 Which in some other letter on some future day
 I'll tell you when we've nothing better to say.

The only thing talk'd of to keep off the vapours
 Is the *death* of the Q——N, which you see by the
 papers
 Kept town just *alive* for twelve hours or so,
 While her friends the *low* people fought hard for
 their show.
 And is it not now, my dear Countess, a bore,
 That our dashing young friend of the Guards, Mr.
 G——E,

ould be question'd so close on the cause of that
riot,

taking the best means to make the folks quiet ?

vithstanding, I think 'twas an ill-manag'd job,

and *such a delicate* man in a mob,

re brick-bats and stones flew around thick as
hail,

igh in all conscience to make him look pale.

then because one or two men lost their lives,

insolent knaves prate of children and wives,

feelings, affections, and such sort of stuff,

: if said of a Countess would sound well enough,

on those refin'd topics to make such a rout,

ch, of course, common people know nothing
about!—

ord B——T can't sleep, and Old Hob's in a
fury,

hink a vile inquest—a mere petty jury,

ould take up whole weeks to examine a case

plain as the nose on the Coroner's face!

: it stands:—if the men of the guards, in a
fright,

: to shooting mechanics—no doubt they were
right:

For who with a pistol or sword in his hand,
To be groan'd, hiss'd, and hooted, can quietly
stand ?

Besides, when we speak of a soldier of merit,
There's much to forgive on the score of high spirit.
Having settled that point,—you have heard I dare
say

How the people determin'd to have their own way ;
And defeated the guards with Sir BOBADIL BAKER,
And a horde of his men, and a fat undertaker ;—
And still, notwithstanding Lord L——R——L's
pains

To send the procession through bye-roads and lanes,
The mob gain'd their point, and, Oh ! what a pity !
They bore off in triumph the hearse through the city !
Now if I were the K—G, just observe what I'd do :
I'd behead all the heads of this radical crew ;
As for W——N, and HOB——E, and B——R, and
H——E,

I'd hang up at Tyburn ;—how dare they presume !
One would think that the impudent fellows were
craz'd,

To prevent a K—G burying his w—e as he pleas'd !

LETTER XV.

FROM AN IRISHMAN TO THE IRISH PEOPLE.

*(Sent from London under cover to the Freeman's
Journal.)*

O Clives ! Clives !

MY thoughtless reckless countrymen, attend
A moment to a brother and a friend,
Who loves the blossoms of his native stem,
But hates the weeds that twine along with them.

The fever of your brains at length is gone—
The madd'ning hour—and you are now alone ;
Your cities, harbours, fields, and valleys, lie
Once more in sleep, deep, sad, and silently.
When shall they wake again ? Alas ! the throng
That reel'd in brightest pageantry along ;

The rapid wheels, with steeds trapp'd out in gold,
 That o'er your mould'ring streets a moment roll'd;
 The plumes, the coronets, the stars, whose rays
 Brought flashing back bright thoughts of other days;
 Rank, riches, splendor, and their busy train,
 All pass'd away, and Erin sleeps again!
 Gone like the light which blind men, dreaming, see,
 Leaving more dark, more sad reality!

And have you, in that transient madd'ning ray,
 Hugg'd your destroyer—knelt to —————!
 The ——— of the North, whose baneful scent
 Has track'd your kindred o'er the wastes they went;
 The hapless hunted victims fiercely tore,
 Grinn'd o'er his prey, and fatten'd on their gore!
 Can you forget the lash, the fire, the steel?
 Can hearts of feeling e'er forget to feel?
 Have golden hours return'd to bless your shore?
 Are widows' sighs and orphans' tears no more?
 Are lakes of patriot blood so light that they
 Can vanish in the sunshine of a day?

Locks are not white upon those temples yet,
 So oft with reeking drops of anguish wet;—

Scars are not clos'd the bloody lash hath given—
 Those hearts still beat whose fibres have been riven ;
 The eyes can see that saw their homes in flames—
 Ears hear that heard the scorching infants' screams ;
 The tongues that o'er these horrors have bewail'd
 Still speak—have they the dam-ned doer hail'd ?
 Yes, yes ! the sounds awake the martyr'd dead,—
 Freedom is dumb, and shrieks FITZGERALD'S
 shade !

O fallen patriots ! was't for this ye fell ?
 Are tyrant's eulogies your fun'ral knell ?
 Are these the men ye lov'd—for whom ye fir'd
 The torch of freedom ?—has it thus expir'd ?
 Are these the men upon whose manhood ye
 Fix'd all your hopes—your country's destiny ?
 Spirit of EMMET ! now I feel thou'rt flown,
 And left none like thee—light for ever gone !
 Bright meteor ! bless'd star of Liberty !
 That rose on ERIN, blaz'd, and—pass'd away !

[LETTER XVI.

FROM THE M——S OF L——N——Y TO
THE E—— OF L——L.

MY LORD, a more than ordinary dread
Seiz'd me when your despatches I had read;
I found, however, upon due reflection,
My confidence restor'd in full perfection;
And none, you know, enjoys a greater share
Of faith and resolution in despair.
How strong soe'er the Radicals may be,
Or loud in their contempt of you and me,
Not to regard their wishes with a *sneer*,
Would certainly in us be proof of *fear*,

An awkward feeling we should never shew,
 At least to such a despicable foe.
The People—where the devil did they gain
 The notion of *their* privilege to *reign*?
The People—none but Radicals and fools
 Would think of yielding to their senseless rules;
 And this same *People* it should be our plan
 To keep as much subjected as we can!
 This is my notion of true government,
 To which I think you'll readily assent.

Your own inflexibility is known
 As *matchless*, and no less so is my own;
 And how that lukewarm B——r could disgrace
 Himself—his friends—his patrons—and his place, }
 By yielding to a miserable race
 Of noisy Radicals is quite astonishing;
 Indeed he merits our severe admonishing:
 For, if our consequence is set at nought
 By men who never reason as they ought,
 By *men*, by *blackguards* I should rather say,
 'Tis vain alike to legislate and pray.
 We shortly shall have nothing that is mental,
 And not a Bishop will be *fundamental*.

We, therefore, on the meeting of the S——n,
 Must shew a prompt and positive expression
 Of our dislike to measures such as B——r's.
 And blame, of course, the R——l undertakers;
 For otherwise, these Radicals will grin,
 And triumph in our weakness, and their sin :
 Men *without weapons* rushing on a mob
 May think it rather a precarious job,
 But when the implements for prompt submission
 Are in their hands, how diff'rent their condition !
 And B——r, since his friends the means possess'd
 To send each scoundrel to his lasting rest,
 Should certainly have us'd them like a hero,
 Which was the practice in the time of NERO.
 Had he but done his duty as he ought,
Forbearance would have been an *after-thought*,
 And not have taken precedence of that
 Which should have laid his adversaries flat :
 He ought, for instance, to have work'd away,
 The moment they objected to obey ;
 First taking care to treat them with the Act,—
 All then would have been *legal* and *exact* :
 He then would quickly have destroy'd their capers,
 And all the chucklings of their "low-liv'd" Papers !

If he imagin'd that his noisy foes
 Would foil the soldiers, and defy their blows,
 He should have brought from Woolwich, d'ye see,
 A dozen pieces of artillery :—
 But to submit to Radicals—to be
 The jest of WOOLER, and such things as he—
 Is shocking, is preposterous, is alarming,
 And shows the great necessity for arming,
 Or rather not diminishing the MIGHT
 Which yet must firmly guarantee our right.

And now, my friend, let me recount the pleasur
 Which we experience here beyond all measure.
 Nothing on earth can equal the delight
 With which the people, morning, noon, and night
 Receive us and our FRIEND, *th' illustrious Man*,
 Whose air and affability they scan
 With such emotions as bespeak their I——y,
 And shew them friends to order and to R——y.
 When first I meditated this excursion,
 I look'd for pleasure, kindness, and diversion ;
 But hope, however sanguine, could not dream
 Of half the friendship, transport, and esteem,
 With which all classes welcome and receive us ;—
 In fact, I fear you scarcely will believe us

When we enumerate (though M**~~ax~~ may quiz it)
 The scenes connected with our R——l visit.
 As to myself, I walk the streets with ease,
 And those who hated once appear to please
 Themselves with notions that I yet shall be
 Their guardian angel through futurity.
 I hear no more of *Nine-tails* and of *gags*,
 From boors envelop'd in their worthless rags :
 No more *Triangle* falls upon mine ear,
 And D—— with complacency I hear,
 Because its former meaning has been undone,
 And now is blended with illustrious L——.

When I return there will be much to do
 'Twixt VAN and SID, L—— E——~~n~~, me, and you
 I mean to have friend C———~~n~~ pen a manual
 For Irishmen, and make *this visit* annual;
 For I perceive 'tis useful to our cause,
 And strengthens both our places and the laws.
 But for the present I must take my leave,
 Having some weighty matters to achieve
 For C———~~n~~, whose lady often touches
 Upon the pride and glory of a D——— ;
 Which honor I have promis'd to obtain,
 For reasons I shall cheerfully explain.

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE MARCHIONESS OF _____
TO HER PARTICULAR FRIEND, LADY —.

MORE pleasant than ever my time flies away,
For nothing but harmony graces the day,
And nothing but love and the warmest delight
Enflame my soft soul with my darling at night.

When awake **HE** transports me with stories divine,
Suited only to ears such as H——d's and mine;
Talks of Ovid and Suckling, as much as of yore,
But the devil a word does he say about M——.

He vows he adores what is plump, sleek and tall,
 And can't bear your "short-dumpy women" at all;
 That the greater display they can make in the chest,
 The better his head can be pillow'd to rest.

He's as fond as a boy in his very first love,
 And he finds me as easy as any old glove;
 He does what he pleases, and time has long shewn
 That his *fashions* and *fancies* are truly his own.

As for her, *the poor woman*, who teas'd him so long,
 BEN sang her *funereal rites* in a song;
 In a song to the tune (good enough for a ———)
 Of "a Sprig of Shelelah, and Shamrock so green;"

Which we choruss'd of course, being glad she was off,
 No more at our innocent pastimes to scoff;
 And, as Heav'n we mean for ourselves, you must
 know,
 We wish'd her safe down to the *regions below*!

'Tis needful at seasons with us, as with others,
 To weep at the deaths of our fathers and mothers,
 But grief is with us nothing more than a farce,
 For to mourn in *sincerity* proves one an ass.

So we never once gave the *old Lady* a thought,
 But sported and giggled, and toy'd as we ought;
 And as for MY MASTER, he madden'd with bliss,
 And gave me for once—a *Legitimate Kiss!*

And faith ever since he has been quite a ———,
 Seizing ev'ry enjoyment his CIRCE could bring,
 Always merry and funny, uproarious, and frisky,
 And mugging himself with our care-killing whiskey.

No gentleman ever was more at his ease,
 Or had more advisers to serve him and please,
 And Paddy, altho' a most comical elf,
 Is in just as high spirits as G——y himself.

'Twas a sensible scheme of my Lord C———,
 To cause this Hibernian pomp and display,
 For it makes all the Radicals slink to their holes,
 And gives us besides *seven millions of souls!*

If these will not strengthen and make us secure,
 I know not what force will our greatness ensure,
 But while Paddy remains what he is just at present,
 Our lives will be truly ambrosial and pleasant.

In my next I shall tell you—all this *entre nous*—
 What the *Marquis* intends very shortly to do,
 For you know e'en his foes are compell'd to confess
 He's a master of arts in the school of finesse.

You know very well I've an eye to a C——,*
 A little more splendid, of course, than my own,
 And of this I have given a hint rather strong,
 In the hope of attaining the honor ere long!

So at present adieu—make my love to all friends,
 And tell them this visit has answer'd its ends;
 That C——— means ev'ry year to repeat it,
 If VAN and his budget can manage to meet it!

* A D———l coronet.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM — O'C—LL, ESQ. TO SIR F—
B—TT, BART.

Dublin.

DEAR FRANK,

WHILE you're trying, all ways that you can,
To forward in London the Catholic plan,
To rail at posts, pensions, place hunters, and pelf,
And to serve the great cause by *first serving your-*
self,
Being *briefless* at present, though seldom I'm *brief*,
I take up the pen to unbosom my grief.
O'C—LL! O'C—LL! too well was that O
Prefix'd to thy name, for it signifies *woe*.

Woe, woe to the land of O'C——L.L., when he
 Shall wear a foolscap, and look silly like me.
Bad luck to the cap, and the hist'ry about it !
 I wish I had tried to have got on without it.
 But in case you know nothing of this my strange
 story,
 I'll tell you the whole of the tale, *con amore*;
 And then you may cry, while this fool's cap I tear it,
 If it fits like great G——'s, pray, why don't you
 wear it?
 The reason is plain, 'tis (*risum teneatis!*)
 I'm laugh'd at by all the dear land of potatoes.

When lately we thought the Millenium was come,
 And all our great patriots must henceforth be dumb,
 O'ercome by rewards for our eloquent speeches,
 And Paddies should have both potatoes and breeches,
 When Ireland all rang with a loyal uproar,
 Without knowing *what* it was thus shouting for,
 Except that the King and his friend L——Y,
 Had come for awhile, to kill time and be merry;
 I join'd in the shout, and forgot, like the rest,
 All the wrongs of poor ERIN, theme fittest and best

For an Irishman's tongue—all the chains and privations

That weigh down and fetter this most wrong'd of nations.

Yes, yes, I forgot too, I swear by the Lord,
In the shame of my soul, e'en the Catholic Board,
And right loyally mix'd my applauses most hearty
With the sycophant cry of the vile Orange party.
But this was not all :—I must leave on my soul
Not a stain of the guilt—let me tell you the whole.

When honors and favors seem scatter'd around,
You may catch them almost ere they fall to the ground ;

When a tit bit of blarney seems all that's requir'd,
To attain whate'er object your bosom has fir'd ;
Ah ! who would not think of himself, and practise
A part of those arts which some people despise ?
No poet am I, though in *fiction* I deal,
So I could not my wants in a stanza reveal ;
But as I've long dealt in the *flowery* line,
Of shamrock I dress'd up a wreath, to entwine
The illustrious brows of the king of your isle,
Who deign'd at our banquet to eat, drink, and smile.

I dwelt on his virtues, and shouted long life
 To K— G——, though I thought on *our* cause,
 and his ——,*

And fondly imagin'd, in spite of the past,
 I should certainly come into favour at last;
 That some crumbs I should share from the liberal
 feast,

And a *baronetcy* be my portion at least.
 Alas! the vain dream of ambition is fled,
 Not an honor adorns your poor Orator's head,
 But this cap, which some folks, in this land of mis-
 rule,

Have wickedly christen'd the sign of the fool.
 Yes! think not this fur, which envelops my crown,
 Is a badge of distinction, or mark of renown.
 It ne'er had the honour of cov'ring the pate
 Of the present most virtuous head of the state,
 Tho' that cranium from which we inherit all bliss
 Was once shrouded in just such a cat's skin as this.

* At the time of the rejoicing in Dublin for the failure of the execrable Bill of Pains and Penalties, no house could compare in brilliancy of appearance with Mr. O'C——ll's in M——n Square. It displayed one blaze of light from top to bottom; the very fan lights were magnificently illuminated.
 “*Hæu quàm mutatus ab illo Hectore !*”

Could I bear that no faver from Royalty's hand,
 No mark of approval to shew to our land,
 On loyal O'C——LL's bright brows should be seen,
 For his speeches so long, and his wreath evergreen.
 It came into my head, as I ponder'd my case,
 This poor *caput mortuum* to hide from disgrace,
 In a cat's skin, like that which enshrouded the skull
 Of the gréat representative of Johnny Bull;
 And then vow and protest, that the K—, for a trap,
 By advice of the Marquis, threw at me his cap,
 Which I wear as a trophy of special endeavour
 To become, by God's blessing, a *cat's paw* for ever.
 But the truth will come out; and (most cruel mishap)
 The devils have found where I purchas'd the cap,
 And wherever I go is the laugh and the grin,
 Tho' "they cannot have more of the cat than his
 skin!"

A

PACKET OF POEMS.



The following Poems, Songs, &c. were found sealed in one packet, addressed to the Editor of the Morning Post, and signed "*Caleb Cowhage*, T.C.D." But, as they are not at all written in a spirit altogether kindred with that journal, the Editor takes it for granted, that, had they been forwarded to their original destination, they would, in all probability, have been lost to posterity.



PACKET OF POEMS.

THE CHRISTENING OF DUNLEARY.

I.

HAIL, Monarch of the Isles !

To thee I sing,

Great King

Of bows, and graces, whiskers, wigs, and smiles !

II.

'Tis not of fights by field or flood,

Of soldiers' swords and people's blood ;—

No, no !—my harp shall strike a mood

Right loud and merry.

Come, giggling girls and boys, be listening,—
 'Tis what you like— a jolly christening,—
 The christening of that spot of new renown,
 The ranting, roaring, jingle-going, town—
 Dunleary !

III.

Bright was the morn—
 The hill of Howth
 Shakes off her sloth,
 And her sides she laves
 In the foamy waves,
 Which singing mermaids gather on ;—
 While Dalky, Lambey's-hill, and Ireland's eye,
 Smile with delight upon the light-blue sky,
 And *laugh* at the royal squadron !

IV.

Now town on town
 Comes pouring down,
 Pell-mell from far and nigh ;
 Bulruddery, Glasmanogue, Kilgobbin,
 Knockmaclonaghty :
 Dunshoughlin, Cloghran, Knockshedan,
 Balbriggan, Skerries, Lusk, Portran ;

Drumcondra, Ballybough, Trackill,
 Green Tinahinch, and Tallagh-hill,—
 Old Cooluch,
 And St. Dooluch.

See on a hackney jaunting car
 Come Ballybags, and Mullingar,
 And sweet Knockroghery ;—

Killcock beside Athy shoves on,
 Clonkelty, Youghall, *nate* Athlone,
 Trot arm-in-arm with Ballymun,
 Dungarvon, and Tralee.

Ballinasloe,
 And Killaloe,
 And Kinahague,
 And Dragmaleague,
 Gallop in *chaises* all to see a King
 Become a priest, and make a christening.

V.

Bright is the morn !—Sweet whiskey dews
 Spirits through ev'ry soul infuse.
 Green Erin's glorious age is come—
 Punch cold and warm, new milk and rum,

Wash the white dust from ev'ry lip,

And set forth many a quizzing quip

On jingle, car, and noddy.*

The drop of joy's in all their eyes,

And, 'stead of crape, white ribband-ties

Are tied on ev'ry body.

And now concentrate all the moving crowds,

Mounting the mountains even to the clouds.

VI.

Bright is the morn, and the colors flare

From the ships and the hills in the sun's bright glare,

And the fleet rides staunch and steady.

The bustle's begun,

And they race and they run ;

And the whisper floats

Through the crowds in the boats,

That *the King's half shav'd already.*

"Prepare ! prepare !"

Oh, the silence is there,

But the whisper again is about ;

And the word was caught

From the royal yacht,

That the *King is shaved all out !*

* A kind of chaise.

VII.

Bustle, bustle !—keep your places—
 Soon shall end the toilet's graces ;
 Short's the time that stays are lacing,
 Shorter still are breeches bracing ;—
 Whiskers are not long in fixing,
 Drams don't take up time in mixing ;
 Wigs are soon put on—to wit,
 When the wigs are made to fit.
 Bustle, bustle !—soon we'll see
 All the bronze of Majesty !

VIII.

He comes ! he comes ! he comes !—it is ! it is !—
 Behold the curl, the wig, and now the phiz—
 The cape, the cravat, and the bending neck—
 Shout, shout ! ye Paddies !—he is on the deck !

IX.

And they shouted full long, and they shouted full
 loud,
 And they toss'd up their hats to the sky ;
 While the dignified Monarch repeatedly bow'd,
 In sympathy waving his cap to the crowd,
 And crying Pat's echoing cry.

X.

And who is that sea-nymph, so fat and so fair,
 That is standing the M——H beside ?
 'Tis the bright Lady C——GH——M !—thrice happy pair!
 How they undulate up and down up and down there,
 Like a pair of fine porpoises finning the tide !

XI.

Crowd around, ye Pats, and see
 Virtue bright and Majesty ;
 Crowd around, ye Pats, and sing,
 " Bravo ! bravo ! bravo ! King !"
 Crowd, blest Erin's *modest* dames,
 Hail the happy C——GH——MS !
 Wives and daughters of the isle,
 Where connubial virtues spring,
 Give them your approving smile,
 Approach, and kneel,* and kiss the K→G.
 Honor the lady fat and fair,
 And glad the glorious widower !

* One of the Irish ladies rushed through the crowd at the public breakfast in Dublin, seized the K→G's hand, and, falling on her knees, kissed it !!!

Let JOHN BULL for his Q——— a sad dirge sing,
 Don't mind him, PAT, but laugh and please you
 K—G!

XII.

Hark ! hark ! the signal gun
 Proclaims all ready ;
 The trumpets sound anon,
 And the trudging roadsters run—
 Gallop each neighing hack and braying Neddy

XIII.

See where Dunleary lies,
 Before all wondering eyes,
 Smiling upon its mother's lap in conscious joy—
 Waiting the blest baptismal rites.
 O happy hour !—O sight of sights !
 Never before beheld by man or boy !

XIV.

And who is the sponsor to stand for the child ?
 “ 'Tis me,” says KILLINER's green hill ;
 “ And the BLACK ROCK there
 Is the lady *fair*,

With her sea-rack tresses in the wind so wild,
To be god-mother, if she will."

And she will, and she will,"

KILLINEY hill,

For the gracious K—G doth wish her;

Yet the *fair* BLACK ROCK*

Shall receive a shock

By this christ'ning, which shall dish her.

XV.

Hark ! hark ! again—again the gun

Calls loudly to begin ;

Again the gaping gazers run—

Again the din.

The M———H comes—the name is giv'n—

" KING'S TOWN ! KING'S TOWN !" rings to heav'n

And now the strong baptismal fount

Of whiskey splashes the infant's front,

And, streaming rapid to the sea,

Washes " DUNLEARY " quite away.

* The Black-Rock has heretofore been the Sunday resort for the citizens of Dublin ;—since, however, his M———y honored Dunleary so highly, the latter place has become the favourite.

XVI.

Fire, smoke, and thunder, rages round,
 And the trumpets loudly sing;
 While the Wicklow mountains dance to the
 sound,
 For the happy, happy K—G.
 His r——l head, with conscious pleasure,
 Keeps time to the ranting roaring measure!
 While the lady gay who sat beside,
 Like a fat *floghoolough western* bride,
 Patted his cheek with her velvet hand,
 And loudly cried,
 As the people ey'd,
 “*What a service, Lord, you have done the
 land!*”

XVII.

“Shout, shout, and roar,
 From the sea to the shore!”
 ’Tis done, and all is wild uproar.
 The Liffey flings her fish to the skies,
 To give them a gala meal of flies—
 And the cocks and hens take wing;

And the Navan bogs unask'd shoot out
Huge kishes of turf to the hills about,
To make at night
The bonfires light,
For the glorious CHRIST-EN-ING !!!

A

LINES,

Accompanying a Glass Goblet which was sent to the Lord
Mayor of Dublin by the Dutchess of Richmond, for the
purpose of drinking the K—g's health.

Go, little goblet, bright and clear,
The gift of happy Dublin's Mayor;
Oh let him fill thee to the brim,
And let him drink, and drink to him
Who ever is, though ever gone,
My dear ador'd Anacreon.

Thou'rt not of gold—no, that would be
Like tampering with Mayoralty;
And bribing, as it were, thy way
To bask beneath the Royal ray:
But thou'rt of glass, through which all eyes
May see thy curious qualities;

II.

It's you that wore the handsome wig,

O wira sthru, &c.

Frizz'd *nately* round your face so big,

O wira sthru, &c.

It's you that let yourself be seen,

And hawk'd about through College-Green,

As much as JOHNNY hawk'd his Q——N.

O wira sthru, &c.

III.

It's you—it's you that's not afraid,

O wira sthru, &c.

To wear the Shamrock green cockade,

O wira sthru, &c.

It's long the green was on the shelf,

When ev'ry loyal Orange elf

For wearing it would hang *yourself*!

O wira sthru, &c.

IV.

It's you that made Lord S——M——H roast,

O wira sthru, &c.

Ould DARLEY for his dirty toast.

O wira sthru, &c.

It's you, in all your K—LY taste,
 Brought out that ugly nosy *baste*,
 To entertain them at the feast,
 O wira sthru, &c.

V.

It's you that prais'd the whiskey rare,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 And that's because you lik'd it dear,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 It's you, with all your ladies, feign
 Would be the most *gallantest* swain,—
 And its you that danc'd a jig at Slane,
 O wira sthru, &c.

VI.

It's you that prais'd each street and square,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 It is a pity people don't live there,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 But *Qallity** was there one day,
 Before the time of C———n,
 But, like you both, they're gone away!
 O wira sthru, &c.

* "Qallity," a term used by the vulgar for great people.

VII.

You *towl'd* us this, and you *towl'd* us that,

O wira sthru, &c.

How long you'd be a friend to PAT,

O wira sthru, &c.

And, oh ! you *towl'd* us not to fret,

And said you'd make us happy yet—

Remember that you don't forget !

O wira sthru, &c.

Δ B

IRISH MELODY,

Sung by the Household Bard at S——e Castle

SHE is snug in the land where her fat lover sleeps,
 The M—Q—s no longer is spying ;
 For he knows very well when his distance he keeps
 That his wife for a D—D—M is trying.

She frolics and frisks to soft jiggy strains,
 Ev'ry note on her lover's pipe waking ;
 But little she thinks, while he's taking such pains,
 How the back of his M ———y's breaking !

Had she liv'd for his love, when warm youth, in i
 pride,
 Forg'd the chain that so sweetly entwin'd him ;
 Old age might forgive, and youth would not deride—
 But his best days are now gone behind him !

So make him a bed at S——e Castle to-night,
And comfort him under his sorrow;
His grief won't last long for his wife—being light,
And you may be a D——ss to-morrow!

B

FROM THE ——— TO THE DUTCHESS OF

R————D.

My dear, my darling buxom lass,
 The good Lord Mayor receiv'd your glass;
 Which he fill'd up with worthy stingo,
 And drank our health and your's, by jingo !
 It is a wond'rous pretty thing
 But not too good for ANY. K—G;
 A man who at a civic feast
 Resembles not so much the beast
 As Aldermen in London do,
 But tell me, love, and tell me true,
 Whether this gift doth fairly seem
 The token of your kind esteem
 For him or me ?—for you know which ;—
 Or say, you sly old coaxing witch

Was it alone to make me think
 Of those sweet eyes of darkest hue,
 That love might hover near the brink,
 And lead my soul to dream of you ?
 If so, I'll knight, if you desire,
 A—H—M B—D—Y K—G, Esquire ;
 And though it gives my bosom pain,
 I'll do two things not very easy ;
 I'll leave your rival down at S—ne,
 And run away from E—H—Y !

B

LINES ON THE RECEPTION OF A CERTAIN
MARQUIS IN IRELAND.

" 'Twas not for him whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past ;
Whose melancholy spirit fled
With all the glories of the dead,—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads that shrinking bow'd
Before the ——— as he past,
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast !"

MOORE.

OH say not that my country stands,
A mark of scorn to other lands,—
That one proud spirit could descend
To welcome as a generous friend,
Or take the hand that years before
Wav'd high the scourge, and smote her sore!

Oh say not that one *Irish* heart
 Could stoop to that ignoble part—
 One patriot bosom join the throng,
 Except to view with hatred strong
 The man who thus rewarded came,
 For treach'rous deeds too black to name,
 And now who tamely could behold
 The land whose rights he basely sold!

But rather say—from Slav'ry's den
 Rush'd forth a host of O***gemen,—
 A corp'rate band of city knaves,
 Fit only for the work of slaves!
 Who, when their country's freedom lay
 Prostrate and chain'd by C*****H,
 And all those noble ends were foil'd
 Which *heroes* bled for—*patriots* toil'd,
 Then did those recreant slaves exult,
 Who now, with joyous wild tumult,
 Welcomes the ———, or something worse,—
 Born but to be his country's curse!
 And took his faithless word on trust,
 Who would not if he could be just!

NEW IRISH MELODY.

Air—"A Landlady in France."

THERE's an Alderman here looking foolish and fat,
 With cheeks not much given to dimples ;
 With a mouth full as wide as a large brewer's vat,
 And a nose richly studded with pimples.

He waddles along with abundance of grace,
 Though sometimes cast down from deep think-
 ing ;
 And few could mistake from one look at his face
 That he's dreaming of eating and drinking !

He has written a volume on every dish—
 'Tis a learned and eloquent treatise ;
 On turtle, and ven'son, and wild-fowl, and fish,
 Which he gave Mr. MORRISON* gratis !

* The prince of cooks in Dublin.

His exquisite taste ages yet will admire,

**When the Alderman down in the earth is ;
And cooks of both sexes get drunk o'er the fire,
In pledging thy fame, BILLY C——s !**

B.

DARBY AND TEAGUE.

An Irish Eclogue.

Quò te, Mœri, pedes? an, quò via ducit in urbem?

VIRGIL, *Ecloga IX.*

TEAGUE.

O DARBY, welcome!—'pon my *sowl* I'm glad,
 To see you once more down at Kinnegad.
 Tip us the fist, my boy!—Ough gra ma chree!
 You look so well, you're scarce yours-If I see.
 Come, draw the stool, sit down with me and KITTY,
 And tell us all the sights of Dublin city.
 But first, here KATE, your *sowl*, a drop o' stuff—
 Make haste, for God knows DARBY's *dry* enough.

DARBY.

Well, here's your health, TEAGUE—KITTY, your's—
 and so
 Here goes to tell you all about the show.

I just had set my car of '*pratias* down;
 The day the world's wonder came to town;
 So off to Sackville-street I takes my fling,
 To meet and make my manners to the K—G.
 When close beside a thing they call'd a gate,
 Stuck in the very middle of the street,
 I stood—because I often heard that kings
 Were fond of riding through such pretty things.
 Well, here I stood, with millions round about,
 All mouths well whiskey'd for the welcome shout.
 When up comes galloping a captain gay—
 Knocks to get through the gate, the goose! when he
 Might ride all round it. — “Ho! halloa! who's
 there?
 D'ye hear, Sir!” — “Who are you?” roar'd out the
 Mayor.
 (The Mayor's the man whose cloven-footed clerk
 Made *foolscaps* for his master in the dark.)

* Teague was wrong in calling the poor clerk “*cloven-footed*,” the allusion evidently bears upon the speculation practised upon certain public offices in Dublin, in the supplies of stationery made by Mr. Abraham Bradley King. Now we know that he did not rob for either himself or his master, but out of sheer mistake. Large sums were certainly plundered from the public through this mistake; and, at

The Captain calling, said the K—G was waiting,
 And wish'd them not to waste their time in prating;
 "But, no," replies the Mayor, "he *can't* get in;
 For though he's K—G without, I'm KING within;—
 But if he sends a proper messenger,
 We'll then, perhaps, have no objection, Sir."

TEAGUE.

But, DARBY, was'nt it very ill becoming
 To send such message?

DARBY.

Pooh! 't was merely humming!
 Lord Mayors have priv'leges—gilded things,
 Coach, mace, and fur, a sort of City Kings;
 And there may rule the roast and play the fool,—
 You know that cooks in kitchens like to rule.
 Well, now the K—G and all his nobles come,
 Lord this—Duke that—Sir Fudge—and Marquis
 Fum;
 O such a sight!—it made my eyes grow dim,
 For half an hour I hardly saw a *stim*;

though the pocket has been discovered which contains that
 money, yet we have not heard of a farthing of it being re-
 turned!!!

But when I got close up, to my surprise,
The *sight* of him, faith, *open'd all my eyes!*

TEAGUE.

But tell me, DARBY, had he hands and face
Like other people?

DARBY.

Arrah! *hould* your *pace!*

Indeed he had, faith, face to face the devil,
And hands too, which he let us shake quite civil;—
God bless your *soul*—a King is just the same
As other men, except in name—or fame.

TEAGUE.

And does he *spake* like us?

DARBY.

No, TEAGUE, not quite;
More like court-people, if I judge him right;
A kind of tongue that's *hardly understood*,
Though he could *spake* much *plainer if he would*.
I got beside him—shouted out hurroo!
And when I wav'd my hand, he wav'd his too;

Held up the golden shamrock of his hat,
And seem'd quite happy in diverting PAT.

TEAGUE.

If Kings are made the same as most of us,
Why do they always kick up such a fuss?
How can *one* man make twenty million men
Do as he wishes?

DARBY.

Why, I'll tell you then.
'Tis not the K—G that does it, but a set
Of little tyrants that around him get;
And, in his name, which ev'ry one respects,
Demands and threats, and pockets the effects.

KITTY.

Pooh! we've enough of tyrants—hang them all!
And tell us of the K—G. Now is he tall?
And is he handsome, DARBY? Come, go on
Ecod, I'm quite a gig to hear the fun!

DARBY.

Handsome he is, and likes the ladies too;
And, KITTY, faith, the very thing for you.

(With TEAGUE's permission.)

TEAGUE.

O no, DARBY, no!

I've not a wish to be *ennobled* so.
Horn coronets are very handsome things,
And *gay convenient* articles to K—gs.
However, as I've still an easy head,
I'm quite content with KITTY and the spade.

KITTY.

Don't *taze* yourself; for though I'm what I am,
I'll never be a Lady C——.

DARBY.

Well, KATE, success!—your *purty* health, my
dear!

I'm sure you're ten times better as you are.
If you had seen her and a strange Princess,
Cover'd with all the *flouncery* of dress,
This day his M——y was hawk'd about,
In balcony from all the rest struck out—
How ev'ry one that *knew* her grinn'd upon her,
And how they jeer'd her husband's *star of honor!*

If you had seen her wave her hand and cry,
 " God bless the K—g !—long live your M——y!"
 And then have turn'd and seen the people's faces,
 I'm sure you would not envy them their places !

Well, on the K—g and I went with the crowd,
 He bowing low as ever parson bow'd.
 Upon my soul, TEAGUE, betwixt you and me,
 He seem'd much humbler than a K—g should be,
 But what d'ye think that beat out all the rest,
 And seem'd the very thick-milk of the jest ?
 By way of compliment, some funny chap
 Let fall a thumping pigeon in his lap !

KITTY.

A pigeon, DARBY ! surely 'twas not meant
 To be a *dacent* Irish compliment !
 If they had thrown a peacock at him, then
 'Twould have been right—or else a *guinea*-hen ;
 Nothing could be so good to show their zeal
 As birds with pretty feathers in the tail !

TEAGUE.

But, DARBY, I must go and milk the cows,
 And you had better fetch the two *ould* sows,

While KITTY boils the '*praties*, and sets out
Our smoking supper-dish of *stir-about*;
And ere the last light dies upon the west,
We'll hear you, DABBY, tell us all the rest.



ON A RECENT DISMISSAL.

Art thou, too, the victim of courtly intriguing,
 Where ruin awaits on the *truth* that offends?
 But fear not their base—their contemptible leaguings,
 For Britain's thy country—the people thy friends!

Let us think on the glory achiev'd by thy hand,
 When the Gauls had made captive proud Austria's
 lord,
 How the succour afforded by thee and thy band,
 The monarch to freedom and safety restor'd.*

* Sir R. W—— in the year 1794, with a small handful of men, rescued the Emperor of Germany from the hands of the French, after that monarch had been taken prisoner by them. It was for this gallant action that he received the order of Maria Theresa.

Or how Lusitania, by thee taught to war
 With courage new nerv'd, sought the battle's
 alarms,
 In danger and slaughter determin'd to share,
 And rivall'd th' exploits of the Britons in arms.*

Or how, as thy conduct and valour prevail'd,
 British soldiers were sav'd in that critical hour,
 When the skill of their much-vaunted leader had
 fail'd
 To rescue his host from the enemy's power.†

So widely acknowledg'd thy virtues and fame,
 That scarcely in Europe exists there a throne‡
 Whose prince is not honor'd by hon'ring thy name,
 Which heeds not, brave chief, the caprice of thine
 own.

* Sir Robert organised the Portuguese army in the peninsular war.

† It will easily be perceived, that an allusion is made to Sir R.'s preserving the British army after the battle of Talavera; but there are services which ensure any thing but gratitude.

‡ Sir R.—t has received orders and marks of personal respect from all the principal Sovereigns in Europe.

Though deck'd with those honours unsullied, un-
stain'd,

Thy name shall all-glorious descend to thy race,
Thy worth a yet prouder distinction has gain'd,
In that which thy foes have design'd a disgrace.

Their censure and hate is the brightest reward,
That tyrannous courtiers could ever bestow
On him, whose brave spirit could never regard
In a peaceable brother the face of a foe.

THE DUBLIN MAYOR AND THE LONDON ALDERMAN;
OR, A BIT OF BLARNEY.

"The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime."

LORD BYRON.

HAVE ye heard of the worthy, so fat and so
vour'd,

A mountain of wealth, tho' a man of great *weakness*
Coarse and sour, tho' a judge of the sweet and t
savoyr'd,

Rough and rude in his ways, tho' of delicate *taste*

To herald the praise of the brown biscuit baker,
To trumpet his glories these lines I rehearse,
stationer honest, in fame a partaker,
Must share in the tribute that flows in my verse.

On the first annual day of the Sov'reign's accession—

These heroes assembled to guzzle and feast ;

The good things of earth grac'd their board in suc-
cession—

The good things of earth their good-humour in-
creas'd.

As themselves, Paddy swore there were none in the
nation,

So loyal, so wise, so enlightened by far,

The King was the god of their soul's adoration—

The company shouted, and grinn'd, and said " ah !"

Who doubts aught of this—yes—exclusively loyal,

Holes and corners bear witness they're gallant by
stealth ;

Each struts on his dunghill, the little cock-royal,

And shows worldly wisdom by scraping up wealth.

And who then can doubt that in joy they all
brighten'd,

Full of flame and of fire was each *light* headed
ass ;

And who can deny that the group was enlighten'd,

The room where they din'd was illumin'd with *gas*.

Then hence with vain scoffing— get fresh-blooming
myrtle,

And weave a green wreath to encircle each scull;
Encrown with wild dock-leaves great Alderman
Turtle,

Get chaplets of nettles for each brainless gull.

Do justice to merit—away with detracting,

And speak of them neither for better ~~nor~~ worse;
He's a wonderful man, for excessive *contracting*
Has swoln out at once both his paunch and his
purse.

Then leaving the proud to enjoy their vain boasting,

With Aldermen great in their *heads* let us sing
Success to all blarney—proceed in your toasting.

Come, here's to the C's of Cox, Curtis, and King.*

J.

* This and the foregoing Poem was not originally amongst
the packet of epistles found. The latter has been before
published in one of the London journals.

A VERSIFICATION OF THE IRISH ORATION.*

“Dulce ridentem Lallagen amabo, Dulce loquentem.”

HOR.

MY Lords and Gentlemen, and my good yeomanry,
I cannot, as it were—a—speak, d’y’see—
That is, I can’t find words—a—quite *sincere*,
To say how very glad I am at landing here.

I’m obliged to you all,

Both great and small,

I am, upon my soul I am, I’m sure,
For thus escorting me e’en to my very door.

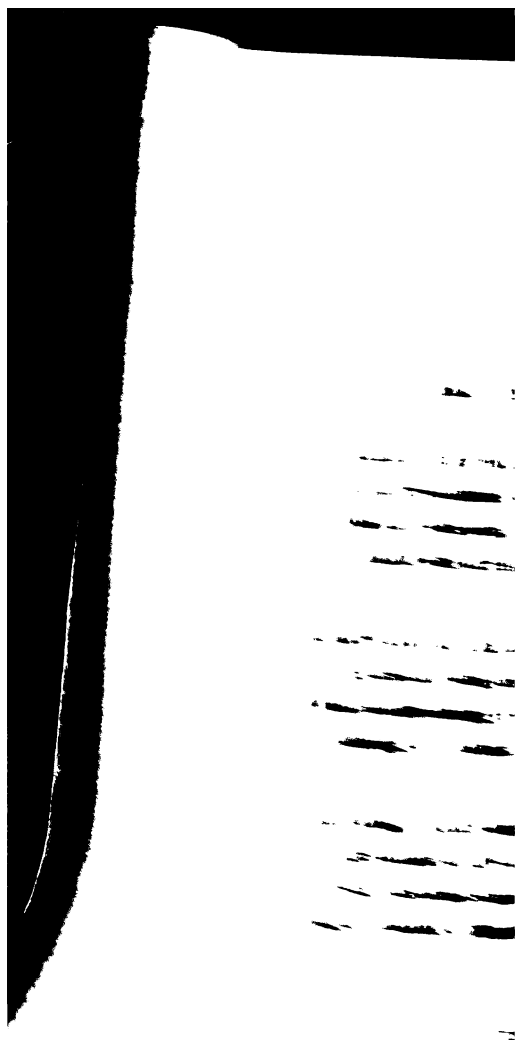
* This valuable record is given faithfully as spoken by his Majesty. It is a striking proof of the degree in which the Royal Orator possesses the *lingua dulcis*, for the words absolutely fell into metre and rhyme of their own accord.

I may not now be able to express
 My feelings in a *suitable* address.
 I've travel'd far, Sirs—very far indeed,
 And made a mighty long sea-voyage too
 From Brighton **ALL THE WAY TO HOLYHEAD!**
 And then came piping hot by steam to you.
 Besides, some circumstance have occur'd,
 By which I'm somewhat—that is—rather *queer'd*—
 My *friends* I need—a—tell you how—
The less that's said on that the better now—
 My wife—you understand me *friends*—my wife—
 None but the kind and *delicate*
My feelings can appreciate,
 Odd's bobb's, this day's the happiest of my life!!

I've long wish'd for this visit; and you know.
 I *am* an Irishman—quite Irish—though
 My mother did'nt relish saying so.
 I love my Irish subjects. Rank and station
 Is nothing—no, not e'en a Coronation!

But oh to live in *Irish* hearts, d'y'see,
Is most exalted happiness *to me*.
Once more I thank you for your kindness now,
And bid you all farewell—Good by !
Go do by me as I shall do by you—
 A bumper of good whiskey drink to me,
 And I'll drink one to you—ay, two or three,
Even till the happy drop 's—all in my eye!!!

△



[The page contains several horizontal black bars, likely representing redacted text or scanning artifacts.]

ROYAL THREE-HANDED WHIST.

A FAMILY party sat down to gamble,
 And three-handed whist was the game ;
 The host he was one, and the guest was another,
 The third was the fine fat dame.

And they play'd, and they play'd—but in ev'ry hand
 The guest he was just in the nick ;—
 Now the dame manag'd so that 'twas *honors divided*—
 He manag'd to make the *odd trick*.

And he won, and he won—for the stupid old host
 Left the whole of the thing to the dame ;—
 Oh ! never was seen such a gambling guest—
 Such a comical *Cunning-game* !

△

FINIS.





18

90 J















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